

Winter 2-5-1970

# Marshall University Music Department Presents a Faculty Recital, Jane Schleicher, Soprano

Jane Schleicher

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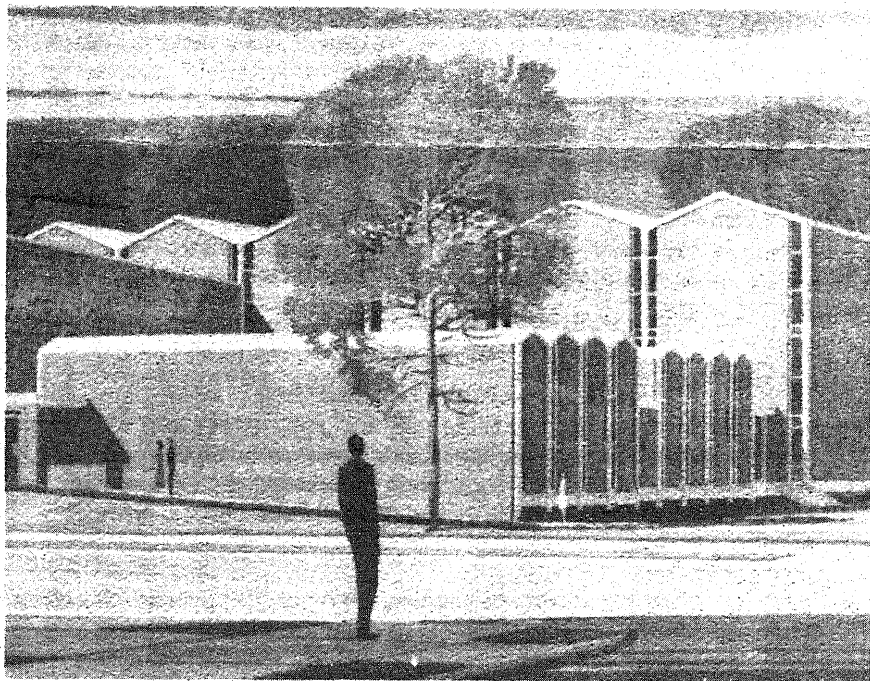
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

FACULTY RECITAL

JANE SCHLEICHER, SOPRANO

ASSISTED BY

MARY SHEP MANN, PIANO



**Evelyn Hollberg Smith Music Hall**

**Thursday, February 5, 1970**

**8:15 p.m.**

## PROGRAM

### I.

#### A Chloris

Reynaldo Hahn

If you truly love me, Chloris, my riches are far greater than those of kings.

#### Quand je fus pris au pavillon

Reynaldo Hahn

When I found myself in the summer-house of my lady, I was like a butterfly that flutters above a flickering candle.

#### Infidélité

Reynaldo Hahn

Here is the elm tree that rocks the shadows on the path. Here is the fragrant canopy of ebony trees and lilacs where we evaded the heat of the day. The air is pure, the grass is fragrant. Nothing at all is changed, but you.

#### Les Cygnes

Reynaldo Hahn

My soul is a lake of love where my desires are the swans. Adventurous travellers, they float with open wings. Some are of a whiteness without equal while others, silent and black, have a mysterious look. Dreams born during the night, when all is slumbering on the earth. Countless are these birds and so many still to be born.

#### Le Printemps

Reynaldo Hahn

Spring is the season of fragrant lilacs, of lovers who stroll in the gentle winds. Countless dreams nourish hearts still heavy with the dusk of winter.

### II.

#### Sérénade

Ernest Chausson

Your large tender eyes seem like islands that float on an azure lake. With the cool light of your tranquil eyes, give me peace and make me pure. I was dreaming of the peace of the islands, on an evening thrilling and clear.

#### Les Papillons

Ernest Chausson

The snow-white butterflies float in swarms over the sea. Lovely butterflies, when may I take to the blue road of the sky? Without taking a single kiss to the rose, I would go to your half-closed lips, flower of my soul, and there I would die.

## Le temps des lilas

Ernest Chausson

The time of lilacs and the time of roses will not return this spring.  
The winds have changed, the skies are sombre, and we will never  
again gather the blooming lilacs and roses. The time of lilacs and the  
time of roses, with our love, is dead forever.

## Soupir

Henri Duparc

Never to see nor to hear her, but always to wait for her. To open  
one's arms out, and tired of waiting, to close them on the void. But  
yet, always to hold them out to her, always to love her.

## Élegie

Henri Duparc

Do not whisper his name! Let him sleep in the shade, where cold  
and without glory, repose his remains. Silent and cold fall our tears,  
like the dew of the night which moistens the grass. Our tears, shed in  
secret, will keep his memory fresh and green in our hearts.

## INTERMISSION

### III.

## Cinq Melodies Populaires Grecques

Maurice Ravel

Le Réveil de la Mariee

La-bas vers l'Eglise

Quel galant

Chanson des Cueilleuses de lentisques

Tout Gai!

### IV.

## Fleur des Blés

Claude Debussy

A gentle wind ripples the tassels of corn in coquettish disarray.  
This field of golden corn, it is your blond hair, all gold from the sun.  
The red poppy is your mouth, and the cornflowers, beautiful  
mysteries, are your blue eyes. . . so blue that they resemble two stars  
fallen from the skies.

## Dans le Jardin

Claude Debussy

Furtively I watched you in the garden. I saw you, child, and suddenly  
my heart trembled; I loved you. I saw your golden hair and your  
face, childlike and pure. Your blue eyes with their tender gaze, a  
body frail yet charming, a voice of May, and gestures of April I loved  
you!

## L'Ombre des Arbres

Claude Debussy

Reflections of trees fade in the mist of the river, while in the branches turtle-doves plaintively sing. Traveller, how many hopes and dreams have vanished within this pale countryside?

## Colloque sentimental

Claude Debussy

In a dark and sombre wood, two spectres invoke the past.

She: "Do you remember when we loved one another?"

He: "That time means nothing to me."

She: "Does memory wake no echoes?"

He: "None."

She: "How I wish those days had lasted."

He: "They could not. All hope is lost in the black sky."

And so they walked on, while only the night knew their secret.

## Lia's Recitative and Aria ("L'Enfant Prodigue")

Claude Debussy

As one year follows another, I continue my futile search for my son.

In spite of my grief, there are many cherished moments. There are memories of pleasant evenings when tasks were done and thanks were given to a beneficent God. And among pious families, the young men and women exchanged chaste vows, of devotion. Others find contentment with their children while I remain inconsolable. "My child, why did you leave me?"